

THE FAMOUS CAB TRAGEDY

Nan Patterson's Own Story of "Caesar" Young's Death.

DIED BY HIS OWN HAND, SHE SAYS

Graphic Description of Fatal Ride and Events Leading Up to It—Fell in Love on First Meeting—Celebrated Case Ends with Release of Show Girl.

New York.—Nan Patterson, the former show girl, has ended a long but extremely unpleasant engagement at the Tombs. While she had formerly been accustomed to gaily dancing in the chorus of light musical comedies, the role assigned her in this performance was that of star in a tragedy of life and death. The stage settings consisted of a stern court of justice and a gloomy prison, with the grim spectre of the gallows on every scene.

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four years during the racing season. Our chance acquaintance ripened into warm friendship and then into love.

"I was a married woman then, having been married to Leon James Martin in 1918, in Baltimore, when I was only 16 years old. We had separated, however. I knew that Mr. Young was also married, for he told me so.

"As a result of my meeting with Caesar Young I did not go to Los Angeles, but remained in his company more or less during all of the racing season. It was at Caesar's suggestion that I sued my husband for divorce in order to obtain my freedom. I was divorced in San Francisco in May, 1923.

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"I went back to the coast and met Caesar at Los Angeles in the middle of April, the day the races closed there. We were together a few weeks, and then Caesar went to San Francisco—his wife had arrived there—and I followed. He went east from there, and I also did, but on different trains. We met by agreement at Chicago. When we came together, he going to New York and I to Washington.

"We corresponded regularly, each writing a letter every day.

Three Trials.
Charged with the murder of "Caesar" Young, the prominent race track habitué and bookmaker, she has finally been given her liberty after three trials, the jury in the first trial having been discharged after one

"I started to walk faster—just playing. He ran up and grabbed hold of my arm, and we walked up to the corner, then crossed the street and walked down to the next corner, back to One Hundred and Fortieth street.

"He explained to me who he was. He had been talking to it was Mr. Luce, his brother-in-law.

"We took a surface car down to Eighth avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. Then we went into a saloon, as he said:

"Let's go in here and sit down and have a talk. He ordered a glass of beer for me, but would not let me drink it. He said:

"I don't want to sit here. What will we do—take a drive? And I says, 'All right.' We left there and went outside and got into a cab and drove for an hour or an hour and a half through Central park.

Young Plans Trip to Europe.
"While alone with Mr. Young in the saloon and in the cab, he said: 'Now,

The Fatal Day.
"I got back to the St. Paul hotel about four a. m. and went directly to bed. Next morning my sister awakened me early and said that Caesar Young had called me up on the phone. I was too sleepy to get up, but she called me again and I arose. While I was dressing the phone rang and it was Mr. Young. He wanted me to get up and dress and meet him as soon as I could. I did so and met him.

"It was half-past seven or eight, nearer eight, when I left the hotel, and I hurried to Fifty-ninth street and Columbus avenue, where Mr. Young wanted me to meet him. He stood there in front of a saloon. He swore and wanted to know why I was so long getting there. He said he had had time to get 40 horns and have a load on. His hair was all mussed up, he had one eye closed and showed that he had been drinking.

"We went into the saloon, for he said, 'I must have another drink.' He

"I heard a report, but I had not seen the pistol. Mr. Young fell over my lap, got half way up again, fell back, and I thought he was having a spasm or something. He kept twitching and twisting, and I spoke to him and called him two or three times, and tried to make him answer, and he would not pay any attention to me at all.

"I knew then something serious had happened. I believe I put my hand up and told the cabman to drive to the drug store—I do not know whether I did or not. I know that was my idea. And it seemed—oh, ages before I could get anybody to pay any attention to me or give me any aid at all.

"And the policeman jumped on the front of the cab and asked me what had happened. When I saw him I felt relieved, and I knew he would take care of Mr. Young, no matter what was the matter with him. I lost control of myself and seemed to be dazed in my memory from then on. I remember, I went to the hospital and the policeman tried to lift Mr. Young out of the cab and his knees gave way under him. I do not remember how I got out of the cab, or anything of the kind.

"I did not shoot Caesar Young. I had no pistol. I never saw the pistol. And if it was in my power to bring him back to life, I would willingly sacrifice my own life."

IN A STRANGE COUNTRY.
Where Seemingly Impossible Things Were Done and Little Thought Of.

We left Pearson's ranch in Montana about eight miles behind us, when we came to where a man was hanging from the limb of a tree, and there was a cowboy on horseback not far away, relates a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer. The stage driver pulled in his horses when we all had a look, and then he beckoned to the cowboy and asked:

"Has there been a lynching here?" "Can't say as there has," was the reply.

"But a feller is hanging there to the limb of a tree." "That's true, and I've been puzzling over it. It seems pretty plain that he was drawn up to that limb, don't it?" "She do. Yes, sir, it seems plain that he was drawn up to that limb, and then the free end of the rope made fast."

"And that's what I'm puzzling about," said the cowboy.

"As to how?" "As to how a critter can pull himself up, choke himself to death, and then come down and fasten the rope and go back up again. It's the first time I ever seen it done, and it's a awful new to this country, and after this I shall go in for all hoss thieves to do likewise. 'Tain't no use in disturbing us when they can do the trick for themselves. Well, so long."

"Do you think the man hung himself?" I asked of the driver, when we were a mile away.

"I dunno, my son—I dunno," he replied, with a shake of his head.

"But think of how impossible it is." "Yes, I think of that, but when you are in a lentry where a wolf can bite his tail off and stick it on again, what you going to believe or disbelieve?"

MINDING HIS OWN BUSINESS.
Inquisitive Traveler Evened Up Scores with Stage Driver Who Was Crusty.

Wallace Cummings used to drive the old stage which ran between Bridgton and Portland, relates the Boston Herald. One day Wallace had as a passenger out of Portland a young city chap or dude, as Wallace called him. The scenery along the stage route was both beautiful and diversified; the young man was much interested, and as he sat on the box, or post of honor, beside Wallace, literally piled him with questions as to what mountain that was and what river this was, etc.

The old driver, who detested this sort of interrogation, stood it as long as he could. Finally he blurted out: "Say, stranger, if you'll mind your business I'll mind mine."

Thus snubbed, the young man relapsed into silence.

They had driven about ten miles farther when they came to a long hill, where the driver was obliged to apply the brake. As he shoved his foot toward it he immediately noticed that the mail bag, which always lay there, was gone. Evidently it had dropped off along the road.

Just What She Would Do.
She—What would you do, George, if you were left a widow? He—Oh, I suppose pretty much the same as you would do if you were left a widow.

"Oh, you wretch! And you always told me you could never love anybody else."—Pick-Me-Up.

Undisturbed.
"Do you feel at all worried over the yellow peril?" "Not now," replied the man who has hay fever. "I don't borrow trouble. The goldenrod won't begin to blossom for two or three months."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Back at Work Again.
Buffalo, N. Y., May 22nd.—(Special)—Crippled by Kidney Disease till he could not stand on his feet for the hours required at his trade, F. R. McLean, 90 East Ferry St., this city, had to quit work entirely. Now he's back at work again and he does not hesitate to give the credit to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Yes," Mr. McLean says, "I was too bad, I had to quit. I could not stand on my feet for the necessary hours. It was Kidney Disease I had, and a friend advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I did so and after using six boxes am completely cured and am working as steadily as before I was sick. I recommend Dodd's Pills to anyone afflicted with Kidney trouble."

There is no form of Kidney Disease Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure. They always cure Bright's Disease, the most advanced and deadly stage of Kidney Disease.

The way some people have of being good is worse than their way of being bad.

BY MR. S. B. HEGE.
B. & O. R. Passenger Agent, Washington, D. C., Tells of Wonderful Cure of Eczema by Cuticura.

Mr. S. B. Hege, passenger agent of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in Washington, D. C., one of the well-known railroad men of the country, sends the following grateful letter in praise of the Cuticura Remedies:

"Thanks to the Cuticura Remedies, I am now rid of that fearful pest, itching eczema, for the first time in three years. It first appeared on the back of my hand in the form of a little pimple, growing into several blotches, and then on my ears and ankles. They were exceedingly painful because of the itching and burning sensation, and always raw. After the first day's treatment with Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills, there was very little of the burning and itching, and the cure now seems to be complete. I shall be glad to aid in relieving others suffering as I was, and you may use my letter as you wish. (Signed) S. B. Hege, Washington, D. C., June 9, '04."

The less money a man has the more polite he has to be.—N. Y. Times.

Clean House To-Day.
Don't wait till to-morrow, but clean house to-day, with Dr. Caldwell's (Laxative) Syrup Pepsin. Of course we mean your house of flesh and bone—your body. This is the best house you own, and should get the most care. At most people neglect it in a dreadful manner. As a result, stomach, liver, and bowels soon get out of order, and cause great pain, distress, and dangerous internal diseases. The only safe, sure cure, is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It clears out all causes of sickness, cures constipation and indigestion, cleans house and makes you well. Try it. Sold by all druggists at 50c and \$1.00. Money back if it fails.

Some men even hire others to do their kicking for them.—N. Y. Times.

It Cures While You Walk.
Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callous, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

More flowers for the living would not rob the dead.—The Commoner.

Self-Sacrificing.
He—I don't see what makes women such awful gossip. Now, a man prides himself on being a good listener! She—That's just it! A woman likes to flatter her vanity and may could be listen if she didn't talk.—Detroit Free Press.

Bad Beginning.
"So the engagement's off?" "Yes," he advised him to practice economy, and he started by getting her an imitation diamond.—Stray Stories.

It is well enough to profit by our own mistakes, but it is a good deal more profitable to profit by the mistakes of others.—Puck.

Child's Head on Banknote.
The accepted design for the new Austrian five kronen banknotes is remarkably for the picture of an unusually beautiful child's head which forms its chief ornament. The model for this head was the son of Prince Franz Josef Rohan, whom the artist saw one day in the street, and with whose beauty he was so much struck that he asked the child's name, and obtained the parents' permission to make a drawing of him for this purpose.

Favorite of Fortune.
Joseph Chamberlain, the celebrated Englishman, is not a graduate of any university or of any of the large public schools. He was a full-fledged business man at the age of 16 years and his fortune grew so rapidly that at the age of 38 he was able to retire from commercial life and devote himself to the study and practice of politics.

Cheering Her Up.
Patience O., doctor, I'm dreadfully afraid of it! "What—Madam, you shouldn't be laughing gas as seriously as that."—Chicago Tribune.

INTERESTING LETTER

WRITTEN BY A NOTABLE WOMAN

Mrs. Sarah Kellogg, of Denver, Colo. Editor of the Woman's Relief Corps. Send Thanks to Mrs. Pinkham.

The following letter was written by Mrs. Kellogg, of 1628 Lincoln Ave., Denver, Colo., to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. Dear Mrs. Pinkham: "For five years I was troubled with a tumor, which kept growing, causing me intense agony and I was unable to attend to my house work, and life became a burden to me. I was confined for days to my bed, lost my appetite, my courage and all hope. I could not bear to think of an operation, and in my distress I tried every remedy which I thought would be of any use to me, and reading of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I decided to try it. I gave it a trial. I felt so discouraged that I had little hope of recovery, and when I began to feel better, after the second week, thought it only meant temporary relief, but to my great surprise I found that I kept gaining, while the tumor lessened in size.

"The Compound continued to build up my general health, and the tumor seemed to be absorbed, until, in seven months, the tumor was entirely gone and I a well woman. I am so thankful for my recovery that I ask you to publish my letter in newspapers, so other women may know of the wonderful curative powers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

When women are troubled with irregular or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, flatulence, general debility, indigestion and nervous prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such trouble.

No other medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Health is too valuable to risk in experiments with unknown and untried medicines, or methods of treatment. Remember that it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that is curing women, and don't allow any druggist to sell you anything else in its place.

SICK HEADACHE
Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Biliousness. No other remedy cures so quickly. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

AT BED TIME I TAKE A PLEASANT HERR DRINK

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called "Lane's Tea" or "Lane's Family Medicine."

All druggists or by mail 15c and 50c. Buy it to day. Lane's Family Medicine cures the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Address, Box 293, Le Roy, N. Y.

GRIP'S UGLY SEQUEL
KNEES STIFF, HANDS HELPLESS, RHEUMATISM NEAR HEART.

Mrs. Van Scoy Experiences Dangerous After-Effects from Grip and Learns Value of a Blood Remedy.

The grip leaves behind it weakened vital powers, thin blood, impaired digestion and over-sensitive nerves—a condition that makes the system an easy prey to pneumonia, bronchitis, rheumatism, nervous prostration, and even consumption.

The story told by scores of victims of the grip is substantially the same. One was tortured by terrible pains at the base of the skull; another was left tired, faint and in every way wretched from anemia or scantiness of blood; another had horrible headaches, was nervous and couldn't sleep; another was left with weak lungs, difficulty in breathing and acute neuralgia. In every case relief was sought in vain until the great blood-builder and nerve-tonic, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, was used. For quickness and thoroughness of action nothing is known that will approach it.

Mrs. Van Scoy makes a statement that supports this claim. She says: "I had a severe attack of grip and, before I had fully recovered, rheumatism set in and tormented me for three months. I was in a badly run-down state. Soon after it began I was so lame for a week that I could hardly walk. It kept growing steadily worse and at last I had to give up completely and for three weeks I was obliged to keep my bed. My knees were so stiff I couldn't bend them, and my hands were perfectly helpless. Then the pains began to threaten my heart and thoroughly alarmed me.

"While I was suffering in this way I chanced to run across a little book that told about the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The statements in it impressed me and led me to buy a box. These pills proved the very thing I needed. Improvement set in as soon as I began to take them, and it was very marked by the time I had finished the first box. Four boxes made me a well woman.

Mrs. Laura M. Van Scoy lives at No. 20 Thorpe street, Danbury, Conn. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are equally well adapted for any other of the diseases that follow in the train of grip. They are sold by all druggists.



NAN PATTERSON.

a year, with hardly an intermission, the curtain has been rung down and she has retired.

"All the world's a stage," says Shakespeare, but few have played the part that has this young and comely girl—Nan Patterson.

Three Trials.

Charged with the murder of "Caesar" Young, the prominent race track habitué and bookmaker, she has finally been given her liberty after three trials, the jury in the first trial having been discharged after one



HE WAS WRITING WITH HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW AS I PASSED.

HE CAME UP BEHIND ME WHISTLING, TELL ME PRETTY MAIDEN.

HE DREW ME ROUGHLY TOWARD THE CAB SAYING, 'MY HORSE'S ARE LOSING, MY MONEY IS GOING AND NOW I'M LOSING MY GIRL.'

of the men had been taken sick, the other two juries not being able to reach an agreement.

This is no doubt the last of the famous case, and the question as to her guilt or innocence will probably never be decided by an earthly court of justice. If she is deserving of punishment it must come in the hereafter.

Many graphic descriptions of the tragedy and the events leading up to it have been printed since the death of Young, and they have varied greatly. Some told how she deliberately killed her companion in the cab that fatal morning; others how the shooting could not have been anything but accidental.

Justice Davis, who presided at the first two trials of Nan Patterson, at a dinner of an organization of lawyers the other evening, made the remarkable statement that he believed the girl was guilty, and that she lied throughout her whole case.

Miss Patterson has steadfastly proclaimed her innocence, and the following is her own story of the tragedy. Her meeting with "Caesar" Young is thus described:

"I met Caesar Young on the train going to California, in the latter part of July, 1921. I was an actress then, and had been with a 'Florodora' company in the early part of the season, and later with 'A Chinese Honey-moon.' Having received an offer to join a stock company in Los Angeles, Cal., I had resigned from the 'Chinese Honey-moon' and was on my way to take up the latter engagement.

"Caesar Young was also bound for the coast, to attend the tracks in California during the racing season. Our chance acquaintance ripened into warm friendship and then into love.

"I was a married woman then, having been married to Leon James Martin in 1918, in Baltimore, when I was only 16 years old. We had separated, however. I knew that Mr. Young was also married, for he told me so.

"As a result of my meeting with Caesar Young I did not go to Los Angeles, but remained in his company more or less during all of the racing season. It was at Caesar's suggestion that I sued my husband for divorce in order to obtain my freedom. I was divorced in San Francisco in May, 1923.

"I left the coast and came east for the first time in March of last year. I had been in New York only two weeks when Caesar telegraphed me to come back to San Francisco, and I went. My visit to the east made me acquainted with my sister Julia's husband, J. Morgan Smith, whom I had never met before, and gave me a chance to run down to my old home in Washington and see my father and mother.

"I went back to the coast and met Caesar at Los Angeles in the middle of April, the day the races closed there. We were together a few weeks, and then Caesar went to San Francisco—his wife had arrived there—and I followed. He went east from there, and I also did, but on different trains. We met by agreement at Chicago. When we came together, he going to New York and I to Washington.

Nan, I will tell you what it was I had to say to you this afternoon. I must go away; I have been trying to plan and see how I could get out of it, but there is absolutely no way; the only thing for you to do is to come on after me; we are going on a slow steamer, and you must leave on a fast one, because I planned and planned and planned; besides, I told the folks I would go on a fishing trip and leave my wife with Harry Thatcher's wife. He is my chum in England, and on this supposed fishing trip I will meet you, and we can be together for three or four weeks. Now, will you do that?"

"I said I supposed I would. I did not give him any definite answer, but I did not want to go. Well, we talked about what we would do when we got over there, and one thing and another and finally returned to the saloon."

Young had arranged to meet Luce here and go home with him, so that his wife would not suspect that he had met Nan.

Young Drinks Heavily.
"While we sat there I guess Mr. Young had 15 or 20 drinks of straight whisky. I drank very little. He talked about the way he had been spending money, and when he had the money out of his pocket to pay for some of the drinks he counted off five \$20 bills and he said: 'Here, put that with the rest of your money; put all that money somewhere so that Luce will know nothing about it. Don't for goodness' sake make any break and say you are coming over there. Because if Mrs. Young ever saw you again there would be trouble.'

"He would not let me put the money in my purse for fear that Luce would see it. He made me take all my money and put it in his stocking. Then I told him I was hungry, and he suggested going over to Luce's table and having something to eat. He was beginning to show the effects of his drinking. So the three of us had something to eat and Mr. Young and I drank some more—half-and-half it was. There was no quarrelling there, however—the only thing he showed any anger about was when he thought I did not want to go over to Europe very much.

"When we left the hotel Mr. Young was very much in liquor. Mr. Luce went to get a cab. Mr. Young said: 'Now, you get in and drive up to One Hundred and Fortieth street with us and then drive down to the hotel.' I said, 'Why, I cannot do it. It is so late now Mr. Smith will be worrying about me. I must get home. It is getting light. It is daybreak.' So that made him very angry because I would not drive up to the house with him. I said I wanted to drive down. 'You can either drive down with me and then get back or else I want to go home alone.'

Kissed Her Good-Night.
"When Mr. Luce got the cab Mr. Young took me by the arm and walked me over to it and I stopped. I did not want to get in and I said so. He did not like it. He said, 'Call another cab.' Another cab came and he put me on the step. When he was drunk he had a great habit of putting his hand up and pushing my face. He was only playing. He wasn't rough at all. He was not angry. He did it that night. It did not hurt me. Then I got as far as the step of the cab and he pulled me over and kissed me. The cab door was closed and I was driven away.

"I do not think I cried on my way home that night, but I may have, though I cannot think of any reason except that I was very tired and sleepy. I did not expect to see Mr. Young the next day, or on this side of the water for a long time. There was no arrangement for me to meet him next morning—the day of his death.

The Meeting.
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Mrs. Young Learns of Nan.
May 1 Nan Patterson went to New York, and it was about this time that the wife of Young began to suspect his relations with the chorus girl. Young to prevent trouble promised his wife and relatives that he would not see her again, but up to about May 25 they were living as man and wife at a little hotel. From that date until June 2, she declares, they did not see

each other, although he called up several times by telephone.

She then tells of how she had attended the races the following day at Young's request with her brother-in-law and sister. Young told her to meet him that evening, as he had something very important to tell her.

Denies Buying Revolver.
"We arrived at the hotel from the race track at seven o'clock. On the way home we stopped nowhere. We did not stop in any pawnshop. I was never in a pawnshop kept by a man of the name of Stern. I was never in any pawnshop in my life.

"That night we did not go near Sixth avenue. I was not present anywhere when a pistol was purchased, then or at any other time. As for this man Stern, I never saw him.

"All the time, from the moment I left the race track on June 3 till I got home, both Morgan Smith and his wife were with me."

Nan Meets Young.
It was about 11 o'clock when Young called her up and asked her to meet him: "I took the train, went to One Hundred and Fortieth street, and when I got to the bottom of the stairs I saw Mr. Young standing in front of a saloon on the corner.

"Mr. Young was talking to a man—I did not know who at the time—and as he saw me coming he nodded his head for me to keep on going and not to stop. I walked by them—didn't recognize them at all. I had not gone very far when Mr. Young came walking back of me and whistled. I knew the whistle. It was one he had used to attract my attention. The tune was: 'Tell Me, Pretty Maiden!'

"I started to walk faster—just playing. He ran up and grabbed hold of my arm, and we walked up to the corner, then crossed the street and walked down to the next corner, back to One Hundred and Fortieth street.

"He explained to me who he was. He had been talking to it was Mr. Luce, his brother-in-law.

"We took a surface car down to Eighth avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. Then we went into a saloon, as he said:

"Let's go in here and sit down and have a talk. He ordered a glass of beer for me, but would not let me drink it. He said:

"I don't want to sit here. What will we do—take a drive? And I says, 'All right.' We left there and went outside and got into a cab and drove for an hour or an hour and a half through Central park.

Young Plans Trip to Europe.
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